THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MARCH 1811.

LADY CHARLOTTE DUNCOMBE,

WHOSE portrait from the fascinating pencil of Hopner is prefixed to the present number, is the only daughter of William Earl of Darmouth (late lord chamberlain) by Frances Catharine, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Charles Gunter Nicoll, K. B.

The Dartmouth family have long been highly esteemed by his majesty for their exemplary virtues and piety. The amiable subject of the present memoir was married to Charles Kingsby Duncombe of Duncombe park. The painting from which we have obtained the exclusive permission to copy the portrait, was executed by Mr. Hopner a few years since, and is now in the possession of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Legge.

THE GLEANER.

MARIVAUX.

WHEN Marivaux was about eighteen years old, he conceived a violent passion for a young lady of fortune, who was about the same age; she was exceedingly beautiful, but seemed altogether unconscious of it; this struck Ma-

rivaux with surprise and admiration, and his attachment to her became every hour more tender and strong; but happening one day to pay a visit when she did not expect him, he discovered this rare example of ingenuous simplicity before a looking glass, talking to herself and practising all the leers and smiles which she supposed would set off her pretty person to the greatest advantage.—We need not tell the conclusion.

When he was very ill, Fontenelle called upon him, and having reason to suppose that he who never laid by any money, might be in want of it now, offered him some. "Perhaps," said he, "more may be convenient than you have by you, friends should never wait to be solicited, here is a purse with a hundred louis d'or which you must permit me to leave at your disposal." "I consider them" said Marivaux, "as received and used: permit me now to return them with the gratitude such a favour ought to excite."

ANNE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, DORSET, AND MONTGOMERY,

Was the daughter of George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland; one of the heroes of the gallant age of Elizabeth. This noble person distinguished himself chiefly by his naval expeditions; on which he was suffered, in those frugal times, to expend a great portion of his patrimony.

Lady Ann Clifford was only ten years of age, when her father died. But her education was conducted by two excellent women—her mother, a daughter of the Earl of Bedford—and afterwards by her aunt the Countess of Warwick.

In her early youth she married Lord Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset; with whom during a few years she lived very happily. But he soon leaving her a widow; she married, six years after, Philip Earl of Pembroke, and Montgomery.

This Nobleman, through the favour of James I., possessed, as a reward for his great skill in the arts of hunting

and hawking, a prodigious estate; not less, at that time, than eighteen thousand pounds a year. His manner of living was sumptuous beyond example; and his apparatus for field-sports magnificent beyond belief. His dog-kennels were superb; and his stables vied with palaces. But his falconry was his chief pride; which he had furnished, at a wonderful expence, with birds of game; and proper persons to manage, train and exercise them.

Here ends the history of Philip Earl of Pembroke—unless we add, that in private life, he was vicious, ignorant, and unlettered in a suprizing degree; and that in public, his character is stained with ingratitude, and tergiversation, by the noble historian of those unfortunate times.

With this worthless man his unhappy lady lived near twenty years. During the latter part of his life indeed he became so dissolute, that she was obliged to leave him.

On the event of the Earl of Pembroke's death, she immediately laid out the whole plan of her future life; determining to retire into the north, and spend it on her own estate.

Oliver Cromwell was, at this time, at the head of affairs; whose hypocrisy and villany the Countess of Pembroke detested: and as she had too much spirit to conceal her sentiments, it is probable, the protector was enough informed, how little she esteemed him. Her friends therefore knowing the jealousy of his temper, advised her not to be so profuse in building; as they were well assured, that as soon as she had built her castles, he would order them to be destroyed. But she answered with great spirit, "Let him destroy them if he will: but he shall surely find, that as often as he destroys them, I will rebuild them, while he leaves me a shilling in my pocket."

She shewed her contempt for Cromwell, and her own high spirit, on another occasion. Her uncle had left her affairs so involved, that she found herself under the necessity of recovering some of her rights by a tedious lawsuit. The affair being represented to Cromwell by the

opposite party, he offered his mediation. But she answered loftily, she would never accept it, while there was any law to be found in England. "What!" said she, "does he imagine, that I, who refused to submit to King James, will submit to him?"

Her dislike to Cromwell was not founded on party; but on principle. She had the same dislike afterwards to Charles, when she became acquainted with the spirit of his government. On being pressed by her friends, sometime after the restoration, to go to court; "By no means," said she, "unless I may be allowed to wear blinkers*."

For the numberless acts of bounty, that flowed from her, she depended, under God, on two things—her regularity in keeping accounts; and her great economy.

With regard to the former, in whatever castle she resided, an office was kept, in which all her receipts, and disbursements were entered with commercial exactness. Of her private charities, she kept an account herself; but was so regular, that, at any time by comparing it with her public accounts, she had, at once, a complete view of the situation of her affairs.

Her economy was equal to her exactness. Nothing was spent in vanity. Nothing was trifled away. All her family expences were under the article of necessaries: and the very form of regularity, in which they constantly ran, made one year a check upon another.

The spirit, which she shewed in defending her rights, may perhaps be mentioned also among her plans of economy.

It was a custom, on all her estates, for each tenant to pay, besides his rent, an annual *boon-hen*, as it was called. This had ever been acknowledged a just claim; and is, I believe, to this day, paid on many of the great estates in

* Blinkers are those blinds affixed to the bridles of coach-horses, which prevent their seeing what they ought not to see.

the north; being generally considered as a steward's perquisite.

It happened, that a rich clothier from Halifax, one Murgatroyd, having taken a tenement near Skipton, was called on by the steward of the castle for his *boon-hen*. On his refusal to pay it, the countess ordered a suit to be commenced against him. He was obstinate; and she determined; so it was carried into length. At last she recovered her hen; but at the expence of 200l.——It is said, that after the affair was decided, she invited Mr. Murgatroyd to dinner; and drawing the hen to her, which was served up as the first dish, "Come," said she, "Mr. Murgatroyd, let us now be good friends: since you allow the hen to be dressed at my table, we'll divide it between us."

She was a lady of uncommon prudence in the management of her affairs. Bishop Rainbow sums up her character on this head, in two words, by calling her a perfect mistress of *forecast*, and *aftercast*.

Gilpin.

SALE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

When the Prætorian bands had violated the sanctity of the throne by the murder of Pertinax, they dishonoured the majesty of it by their subsequent conduct. Sulpicianus who had been sent to the camp on the first alarm of mutiny, was endeavouring to calm the fury of the multitude, when he was silenced by the return of the murderers, who alarmed lest he should obtain the empire by private contract, proclaimed that the Roman Empire was to be disposed of to the highest bidder. This infamous offer, and the insolent success of military licence diffused an universal grief throughout the city. It reached at length the ears of Didius Julianus, a wealthy senator, who, regardless of the public calamities, was indulging himself in the luxury of the table. His wife and his daughter, his freedmen and his parasites, easily convinced him that he deserved the

throne, and earnestly conjured him to embrace so fortunate an opportunity. The vain old man hastened to the camp; and began to bid against Sulpicianus, from the foot of the rampart. The unworthy negociation was transacted by faithful emissaries who passed alternately from one candidate to the other, and acquainted each of them with the offers of his rival. Sulpicianus had already promised above 5000 drachms (about 160l.) to each soldier, when Julianus eager for the prize, rose immediately to the sum of 6250 drachms, or upwards of 200l. sterling. The gates of the camp were instantly thrown open to the purchaser; he was declared emperor and received the allegiance of the soldiers.

Gibbon.

JEALOUSY.

A TALE, FROM THE FRENCH.

(Continued from page 85.)

DON FELIX did not forget his appointment with the interesting Victoria and her lovely daughter, who received him with every demonstration of unfeigned satisfaction. As all other visitors were on that day excluded, Donna Victoria took the earliest opportunity of continuing the recital of her adventures:—"I was" said she "so completely stupified by this unexpected calamity as to be heedless of any future misfortune; I hoped that death would soon release me from my misery and abandoned myself to despair. I was in this wretched state when Valerio entered my chamber by the secret staircase; he appeared pale and agitated. 'We are lost madam,' said he, 'unless we have recourse to immediate flight, Don Antonio has concealed himself so effectually that he cannot be discovered, and as your connection is now talked of all over the place, we shall no doubt be apprehended on the suspicion of our

having favoured his escape.' My good Valerio, replied I, my fate is of no importance. Save yourself and your excellent wife, and leave me to my misfortunes, I cannot be in a more deplorable situation than I am at present.—'Do you think,' exclaimed Matilda throwing herself at my feet, 'we can deliberately abandon you to the persecutions of your cruel brother? no, no, madam, if you will not fly with us, we will stay and die with you.'—'At least,' interrupted Valerio, 'if you have no longer any care for yourself, think of the innocent babe which may live to call you mother. Notwithstanding the letter and the violent death of Don Sylvio, I do not think Don Antonio so guilty as circumstances tend to make him appear: time may clear up the mystery, but if you resolutely refuse to preserve yourself, all hope must be destroyed; come then madam, profit by the confusion which still reigns in the chateau, and let me conduct you to a place of security.' His arguments prevailed and I suffered him to lead me into the garden; Matilda hastily collected the most portable part of my wardrobe, with my jewels and the caskets which Don Antonio had presented to me, and consigned them to the care of her son a worthy and discreet lad. Valerio conducted me to a mean looking house where he assured me I should not be liable to discovery. I remained there till the next day, when Valerio sent a person to reconnoitre what was passing at the chateau. He brought back intelligence that it was already surrounded with guards, that Don Antonio was reported to have concealed himself somewhere in Malaga, and Valerio immediately advised me to follow him to that place, where Matilda's mother resided, and where I should be certain of an asylum even if repulsed by my husband. I suffered them to do as they pleased with me. A merchant vessel was at that time ready to sail, Valerio easily made an agreement with the captain, the wind was fair, and fearing I would retract my consent, he hurried me on board that same night; we arrived safely at Malaga, the mother of my dear Matilda received us with open arms, I passed under a feigned name,

and even the good old woman was ignorant of my real rank. All our endeavours to discover Don Antonio were fruitless; it was evident we had been misinformed, he was not in Malaga. For some time I was inconsolable, but the birth of Seraphina gave a new turn to my thoughts, and in the delightful task of watching her growth, and attending to her improvement, I gradually recovered composure of mind. Valerio, to whose judicious management I had consigned my little fortune, engaged in merchandize with astonishing success and soon doubled our capital. We removed to this house and on the account of my Seraphina I rejoiced in our unlooked for prosperity. As soon as circumstances would permit, Valerio passed over incognito to Cadiz to make enquiries concerning the state of family affairs; he there learnt that Don Bernardo had been dead some time, and that Don Philip de Aredo a distant relation of my mother, was in possession of the estates, as it was generally reported that I was no more. In addition to this intelligence, Valerio informed me that Don Philip had a nephew who would be his heir, a young cavalier of extraordinary talents who was the admiration of all Cadiz." Don Felix bowed to this compliment and assured Donna Victoria that report had greatly exaggerated his merit. "It was soon after the return of Valerio," continued the donna, "that you arrived here, and I felt a strong desire to get acquainted with you, chance or rather an auspicious providence has favoured my views; yet think not signior, that after having so long abandoned my country and my rights, that I wish meanly to step in between you and your just expectations; all I require is, that you will intercede with your uncle Don Philip, that my daughter may be properly acknowledged, and a suitable establishment be assigned her, and this from his well known character for honour, and generosity I have no doubt of obtaining."

"I will do all that is in my power madam," returned Don Felix, "to gratify your maternal wishes; but I am sorry to inform you that all the property of Don Bernardo was bequeathed to a woman with whom he had an intrigue,

and who is strongly suspected of having been the real murderer of Don Sylvio, but the circumstances have never been clearly proved; and as my uncle has been dead above a twelvemonth, I am absolute master of my own actions, and can happily assure you, that it will give me the most sincere satisfaction to restore to you all that I have unknowingly usurped: my own fortune will be still ample."

Charmed with such generous sentiments, Victoria made suitable acknowledgements, and then recurred to the woman he had mentioned, and requested further information concerning her. "I am sorry" said Don Felix, "that I am not better informed on the subject, I was so young at the time, that the particulars I then heard made little impression on my memory; I believe she was called Marcia, and that she was considered an artful, intriguing character; I believe she quitted Cadiz soon after the death of Don Bernardo and has not since been heard of."

The day passed away agreeably on all sides, and Don Felix received a general invitation to the house of Donna Victoria, every subsequent interview served but to increase his attachment to Seraphina, and the delighted mother witnessed the progress of their mutual regard with secret pleasure. The business which had brought Don Felix to Malaga being concluded, he found it necessary to prepare for his departure, and warmly pressed Donna Victoria to revisit her native country with him, and take possession of her long withheld rights; to this however she would not agree; "No signior," said she, "I cannot appear there with any satisfaction to myself, while the unfortunate transaction which drove me from home remains unexplained. The supposed guilt of my husband would be sufficient to cast unmerited obloquy on my child; every one believes me dead, let them still think so; I am satisfied with my present lot, and ambition shall not involve me in fresh troubles." "Suffer me madam then," said Don Felix, "earnestly to make one proposal which may in some measure remove your scruples, but which delicacy prevented

me from advancing sooner, least you should misconstrue my motives; your rejection of my first proposition, however, renders the second indispensable. I love Seraphina, sincerely, ardently; condescend, madam, to favour my suit, and as the wife of Don Felix d'Aredo, she may fearlessly appear in Cadiz in her proper rank: speak madam, may I flatter myself that you have sufficient confidence in me to bestow such an inestimable blessing, should the lovely Seraphina deign to favour my pretensions?"

"Your proposal does me too much honour, signior," replied Victoria, "to admit of a refusal, and I am happy in the power of assuring you, that my daughter is as sensible of your merit as myself." Don Felix overjoyed at this acknowledgement, immediately sought the fair Seraphina, and drew from her the consent he desired. It was then agreed that their marriage should be speedily solemnized, and that Donna Victoria and her daughter should accompany him to Cadiz. In the course of a few days every thing was arranged, and Don Felix received the hand of his lovely bride. Soon after which, the happy family embarked for Cadiz, leaving Valerio and his wife to arrange affairs, and follow them as soon as they conveniently could.

Delighted with each other, Don Felix and the tender Seraphina passed the first days of their voyage in the most pleasing anticipations, in which the fond mother eagerly participated. Suddenly, however, their felicity was interrupted by a most alarming incident; a general disturbance was heard in the ship, and before they had time to discover the cause, a party of armed men rushed into the cabin, where they were sitting, and seized the whole party, whose terror and astonishment precluded the possibility of their making any effectual resistance; Don Felix, and Andrew, the son of Valerio, were immediately chained together; while the women, whose cries and entreaties had little effect on the barbarians into whose hands they had fallen, were conveyed almost lifeless with terror upon deck, and

from thence into a vessel, which they soon discovered to belong to a Barbary corsair, and that they were destined to slavery. Don Felix was almost overwhelmed with despair, and although he was assured by the captain, that if he submitted with good grace, he should be kindly treated, he found it a difficult task to suppress his rage and indignation. Moved by the distress into which the unhappy family were plunged, the corsair addressed them in softened language and desired them to be comforted. "Do not afflict yourselves friends," said he, "your fate is not so deplorable as you imagine. The prince, whose property you will become, is both humane and just. The treacherous captain who sold you to me, assured me that you were noble, and you shall be treated accordingly. It is true I paid a handsome price for you, and the beautiful females who belong to you; but you can in all probability command sufficient for your ransom." Don Felix judging by his conversation that it would be better to appear satisfied, and profit by the civility of the corsair, began to converse with less hauteur, and candidly explained his situation.

"I am sorry," replied the corsair, "to learn that you are the husband of that beautiful creature; Alka, the prince who employs me, has an aversion to married women; he has formerly been the victim of a woman's treachery: that woman was his wife, and in consequence, he considers all women unfaithful, base, and perfidious to their husbands. It is an unhappy prejudice, but his mind is undisturbed; and although his heart is good, he yields to this infatuation to a degree of injustice, which he displays on no other occasion. He keeps no seraglio, he has abjured the society of women, but he appears to seek the gratification of his revenge by a most extraordinary measure. All the women of distinction who are captured, are by his order closely confined in a tower, where they are suffered to want for nothing, but are for ever secluded from the society of the other sex; he never sees them himself after the moment of

their first presentation, and fearful of having his resolution shaken by their attractions, he orders them to be closely veiled before they are brought into his presence."

This account filled Don Felix with astonishment, but he forbore letting Seraphina know the fate to which she was doomed, that he might not witness her despair and affliction. During the remainder of the voyage he gave himself up to sullen despondency, though at times a gleam of hope would illumine his mind, and a firm dependence on the mercy of providence teach him to bear his present misfortune with resignation. As soon as they arrived at the destined port the unhappy captives were conducted into the presence of the prince, whose majestic deportment and noble countenance instantly prepossessed Don Felix in his favour, and falling at his feet he implored his clemency. The prince raised him kindly and taking his hand said "Young christian think me not a tyrant, all that can be done to mitigate the horrors of your destiny shall be granted. But my vow is taken and is unalterable, patience and submission will avail you more than expostulation or complaint. I will allow you a private audience and if you deal honestly by me, I will befriend you more than you expect." The prince then abruptly retired, leaving Don Felix in a state of extreme amazement and consternation. It was now announced to him that he must bid his wife farewell, he flew to her arms and they mingled their tears together; a slave then attended to conduct Victoria and Seraphina to the apartments allotted them, which were commodious and pleasant, but their hearts were too much overcharged to derive any comfort from such condescension, and they yielded themselves up to uncontroulable affliction. In the course of an hour Don Felix was again summoned into the presence of the prince, and his chains were immediately taken off by the order of Alka. "Christian" said he, "I wish not to triumph in your misfortunes, I sent for you to give you some information that may be serviceable, but first I wish you to tell me your history, without deceit or concealment. I read a noble

ingenuousness in your countenance, which, assures me you will not abuse the confidence I shall place in you." Encouraged by this address, Don Felix made an immediate recital of all his adventures, only concealing his real name and those of his wife and mother. During his recital the prince seemed to regard him with emotion and when he had concluded said, "I feel for your situation, young christian! and sincerely regret the circumstances which have separated you from the partner of your affections, should she indeed be as amiable as you describe. But I have been deceived," continued he with extreme agitation, "cruelly deceived, I once was weak enough to doat on a woman; I thought her innocent as lovely, she wronged me basely. With this very hand I pierced her faithless heart, abjured my home, changed my religion, and my nature. I too was a christian, but my wrongs maddened my brain, I sought for death. The Africans were at war with the Turks; I rushed into danger in hope of terminating a wretched existence, but fate decreed it otherwise, my desperate valor only secured conquest. I was conducted hither in triumph, and named successor to the King with general approbation, but can this undesired grandeur restore my peace of mind; ah no! In a moment of distraction I made a rash vow to be revenged on the whole sex for the perfidy of one. I see you think me barbarous and unjust: yet hear me out!—Of all the captives that have fallen within my power I contrived to learn the secret history, and all alike have proved themselves vain, capricious, and deceitful. Should I ever discover one, whose virtues can command respect, whose constancy was proof against all temptation, that instant would she be the liberator of the female captives. This is the real tenor of my vow concealed from all but you." "Merciful powers!" exclaimed Don Felix, falling at his feet, "your vow shall soon be cancelled. Deign, O prince! but to hear the sad recital of my mother's woes, and you will soon be satisfied that virtue, constancy, and honor dwell in the breast of woman." Alka raised Don Fe-

lix with a melancholy smile. "You are an enthusiast," said he, "but I am not perverse in error:—at some future time I may he inclined to listen to this marvellous history. All I can at present promise is, that I will indulge you so far as to permit you to see your wife occasionally, you shall occupy a pavillion which I have fitted up for my own retirement, and if you continue worthy of my favor, you shall find me not quite so rigid as you may perhaps imagine." Don Felix in the liveliest transport of gratitude, kissed the hand of the generous Prince. "Ah," said he, "how can I sufficiently thank you for this act of benevolence, be assured noble Alka that I will never prove ungrateful, my life shall be devoted to your service, grant me but the society of my beloved Seraphina, and I will be your slave for ever." "Go," said the prince much affected, "your grateful emotions distress me, I am unfortunate, I am miserable, and own I do not feel that pleasure in conferring happiness on others that I ought to do; the sight of their felicity reminds me I have lost all myself." "These ideas would soon be dispelled," said Don Felix, "would you divest yourself of prejudice. There is no pleasure equal to that of doing good." "Well well," interrupted Alka, "you may be right, but I must not listen to you, allow me time for reflection, I was not always cruel and inflexible, but wrongs, deep irreparable wrongs, have hardened my heart; leave me now, and when we meet again I will endeavour to be more reasonable." Don Felix then retired, impressed with the conviction that he had successfully pleaded to the feelings of Alka, whose infatuation he found more cause to pity than condemn.

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF.

(Continued from page 35.)

EMMA was received with extreme kindness by Lady Somerville and found her situation with her in every respect agreeable and comfortable, while on her side Lady Somerville was rejoiced in the acquisition of a companion so exactly suited to her taste, while Charles rejoicing in the evident partiality of his mother for the unassuming Emma, flattered himself that in time she might be induced to sanction his attachment. Notwithstanding this hope he had the prudence to conceal his sentiments so effectually that even Emma herself was ignorant of his real thoughts, and while she felt a preference which she was fearful of acknowledging even to herself, she deeply lamented the obscurity of her birth which precluded in her idea all hope of being deemed worthy of his notice. In a few weeks, Lady Somerville declared her intention of returning to London, her health and spirits had materially improved, and she did not consider it prudent to remain at Brighton during the severe months of winter. Emma felt a small degree of pleasure at the thought of visiting the metropolis, especially as Lady Somerville expressed her intention of again mixing with society. At the time appointed they began their journey, and Somerville once more was pressed in the arms of his excellent tutor. A perfect confidence succeeded their re-union. Somerville scrupled not to acquaint his friend with the real state of his heart, and although Mortimer was unwilling to encourage a penchant which he feared would but involve his young pupil in trouble and disappointment, he saw in Emma so much innocence, gentleness and apparent candour that he could not but secretly admire his choice, and com-

mend his disinterestedness. "And is it indeed come to this my dear Somerville?" said he laughing "you who have disdained the blandishments of high born beauties, who might have successfully wooed young peeresses, and have culled the choicest flowers in fashion's gay parterre, to be caught at last by a simple country girl, who has nothing but ruby lips, celestial blue eyes, a transparent skin, and ivory teeth: fie on you for a clown, I expected better from the son of a baronet!" "And is not all this better," replied Somerville in the same tone, "than daubs of carmine, pearl powder, unblushing assurance, and a constitution enervated by dissipation. The gaudy tulip may fetch a high price, and the flaunting carnation have its admirers, but I prefer the unassuming lily of the valley." "But seriously," said Mortimer, "you cannot marry this girl, however amiable she may be." "But seriously my friend I am of a different opinion, and if you would but interest yourself in my behalf, I think we might succeed in vanquishing my father's prejudices, and I know my mother loves me too tenderly to oppose my felicity." Mr. Mortimer shook his head, "you are young and sanguine Somerville, your father with all his amiable qualities, is still possessed of a great share of family pride. I know he is desirous of seeing you happily settled, but he would spurn at the thought of consenting to an alliance ignoble or suspicious, a cloud hangs over the origin of your Emma, and I think it my duty to say that you cannot consistently with the honor of your family, think seriously of an union with her until that cloud is removed."

Somerville was not pleased with this decision, but he respected Mr. Mortimer too highly to combat it, and he, in compliance with that gentleman's earnest request, gave his word and honor that he would enter into no engagement without his knowledge and approbation. The more Mortimer saw of Emma, the more partial was his opinion of her worth. With the permission of Lady Somerville he took particular pains to cultivate her mind, and found his care amply

repaid by the rapid improvement she made. Caressed and indulged by Sir Edward and Lady Somerville, she was treated more like a daughter than a dependent. This distinction however instead of inspiring her with any ideas of self-importance, served but to excite the most grateful emotions in her susceptible heart, and stimulate her to become more worthy of their favour. She could not but perceive that Somerville was particular in his attentions, and the dread of being thought artful and designing blighted all the pleasing sensations that such a conviction might otherwise have occasioned. She grew dejected and melancholy, and Lady Somerville, apprehensive that her constitution was consumptive, endeavoured to give her exercise and amusement, by taking her with her whenever she went into public. One morning Emma was taken by her kind patroness to Somerset House, accompanied by Somerville and Mr. Mortimer. Delighted with what she saw, and anxious to inspect every picture, she suffered Lady Somerville to pass on unobserved, when a gentleman who had been for some time watching her without her observing it, hastily touched her arm, and said in a hurried voice, "Where do you live now Emma?" Surprised at being thus accosted, she turned round and her eyes immediately encountered those of her mysterious benefactor. She trembled and turned pale. "What are you afraid of child?" said he, "Speak, answer me instantly, where do you live?"—"I attend on Lady Somerville sir," said she "they are just by." "No matter" interrupted the stranger hastily, "that is enough I will write to you." And with these words he disappeared among the crowd just as Somerville was making his way to conduct her to his mother. Emma ran up to Lady Somerville with eagerness "I have seen him madam, I have seen my guardian he is now in the room." "Can you point him out Emma?" asked Lady Somerville, "I should like to see the strange being." Emma cast her eyes round the room but without success, the multiplicity of objects confused and dazzled her, and she made so many mistakes, that they found

it would be impossible to ascertain the object of their search. Emma recollected his promise of writing to her, and her hopes were raised that a renewal of the acquaintance would lead to a discovery of the mystery which enveloped his conduct. On the following morning just as she was sitting down to breakfast, a servant brought in a note: it was directed to Emma Hayes, Emma not doubting who was the writer, looked anxiously at Lady Somerville as if impatient to peruse it. "Certainly my dear," said Lady Somerville understanding her thoughts, "I am as anxious as yourself to know what he will say." Emma immediately tore it open and read the following words:

"The mystery which has been so long attached to your birth, Emma, shall soon be developed; suffice it now to say that old Hayes was not your father, if you are desirous of learning further particulars, repair to Hyde Park Corner at twelve o'clock, you will there find my carriage which will convey you to your friend and benefactor.

M——."

The contents of this billet both surprized and rejoiced Emma, and Lady Somerville rejoicing in the prospect of the approaching discovery, almost shed tears of pleasure. At the time fixed on, Emma hastily arrayed herself for her walk and with a palpitating heart pursued her way to Hyde Park Corner. She arrived there almost breathless, and casting her eyes around perceived a plain dark chariot with the step let down and a servant waiting as if in expectation of some person. Emma was irresolute how to act, she walked up and down for a few minutes, and perceiving that no one approached she took courage and going up to the servant enquired if he was waiting for any person. The man on the box stooping down said hastily "Yes George, yes that is the lady!" "If your name is Hayes madam," rejoined the the servant, "we have orders to convey you to my master's house." "I am that person," said Emma, putting her foot

upon the step, and without asking any further questions, she suffered the man to close the door upon her; the carriage then immediately drove off. Absorbed in a reverie in which hope gave a brilliant colouring to her expectations, Emma regarded not the streets they passed through until the chariot stopped at the door of a genteel house. The servant knocked loudly, the mysterious stranger soon appeared, and assisted her to alight. He led her into a small apartment, where she found refreshments spread upon a table. "Well Emma," said her companion, "I find you have obeyed my injunctions; your obedience gives me pleasure; I have a great surprize in store for you, but take a glass of wine, for you must travel a few miles further." Emma felt a little surprised at this declaration, and ventured to enquire the occasion of such a measure. "You shall know in good time," said he smiling, "but if you are impatient it will frustrate my intentions, surely Emma you would like to see your parents?" The implication which this speech conveyed, banished every scruple which Emma might otherwise have felt, and, to please him, she took a cake and a glass of wine, which he poured out for her; he then wrapped himself in a great coat, and again conducted her to the carriage; he seated himself by her side and ordered the coachman to drive as quick as he could. Emma, fearful of offending her eccentric companion, remained silent; but she perceived, with something like alarm that they had quitted town, and her terror was considerably heightened by observing that he had pistols in his side pocket. Finding that the carriage still proceeded and that the day was drawing fast towards a close, Emma ventured timidly to enquire the place of their destination. "I can answer no questions," replied her guardian, "under my protection you have nothing to fear:" he sighed as he spoke, and then strove to change the subject. Emma, unwilling to irritate him, remained sometime longer without speaking; a heaviness seemed to oppress her, which she vainly endeavoured to shake off; at length it so wholly overpowered

her, that she reclined back in the carriage and sunk into a profound sleep.

Lady Somerville anxiously awaited the return of her young protegé, dinner time came yet she did not appear, and she mentioned the circumstance of the letter which Emma had received, at table various conjectures were formed by the family with regard to her unlooked for detention. Mr. Mortimer hinted that perhaps she had been restored to her parents, but Lady Somerville rejected the idea, alleging that if such had been the case, Emma would certainly have found means to apprize her of it; an opinion to which Sir Edward also subscribed. Somerville appeared troubled and agitated, he feared she had been betrayed by some stratagem of Cleveland, but he did not venture to declare his thoughts, and Mortimer, who was alone acquainted with his concealed attachment, trembled lest he should have been so indiscreet as to have drawn Emma into a clandestine engagement, but when night came on and no tidings of Emma reached them, the caution which Somerville had hitherto observed gave place to apparent distraction, and he wildly rushed out of the house expressing his determination of finding her if she was in London. He repaired to Hyde Park Corner and enquired of all the hackney coachmen if they had seen a person answering the description of Emma get into a carriage, some answered him with impertinence, while others, considering him intoxicated, insulted him with their ridicule, until harassed and mortified he found himself under the necessity of giving up a fruitless search. Both Sir Edward and Lady Somerville penetrated the real cause of his agitation, the discovery surprised and grieved them, and while the latter was filled with apprehensions for the fate of her beloved protegé, the former, felt a something like satisfaction that chance had removed her from the protection of his lady, whose fondness for Charles would he feared induce her to yield too readily to his romantic enthusiasm. Mr. Mortimer assiduously endeavoured

to console his young pupil, but found it no easy task. The night was passed in sleepless anxiety, and on the following morning, Somerville inserted advertisements in all the papers, by which means he hoped to discover his dear lost Emma.

The sleep into which the too credulous Emma had fallen, and which had been occasioned by a drug mixed with the wine she had drank, was of many hours duration. When she awaked, she found herself in bed, a confused idea of what had passed struck her recollection; but thinking it only a dream, she raised herself in the bed and gazed round her, in hopes of recognizing well known objects: but all was strange that appeared in sight. Instead of the chintz furniture she had been accustomed to, she found her bed hung with dark crimson curtains, deeply fringed, and ragged in many places, a glimmering light shone through them; and springing out of bed, she took a hasty survey of the apartment she was in. The wainscot was of dark wood, with grotesque figures carved in the pannels; the furniture was heavy, old fashioned, and in a mutilated state; a lamp burning upon the hearth but faintly illuminated the vast apartment, and rendered every object indistinct and gloomy. "Good God!" thought Emma, "where can I be? is this the residence of my parents, or am I brought hither for some dark and dreadful purpose?" Perceiving a window, she eagerly unfastened the casement, and, stretching her body out as far as she could with safety, discovered that she was in a large antique mansion, situated upon a steep, craggy cliff overhanging the sea, whose foaming waves frothed at its base. The night was cloudy and chearless, and a sudden gust of wind extinguishing her candle, left her in state of terror not to be described. She was afraid to return to bed, and yet found it too severely cold to remain at the window. At length she thought she heard a footstep; and groping along the wall, she succeeded in discovering the door, but it was securely fastened, and she was obliged to call aloud for some one to come to her; no answer was returned, and exhausted with vainly attempting to make herself heard,

she threw herself on the bed and gave way to an agony of tears. In the course of half an hour, the moon began to emerge from the clouds, this was an unexpected comfort; and finding herself unable to sleep, she drew a blanket from the bed, and wrapping herself in it, determined to sit by the window till morning. With this intention she arose, and happening to glance her eyes to a remote corner of the room, was struck with horror at perceiving a tall figure in white, standing with its arms apparently extended towards her. Emma though not naturally superstitious, could not conquer the emotion of fear, which the place and alarming circumstance contributed to inspire; she uttered a piercing shriek and fell senseless on the floor. The refreshing morning breeze through the shattered window, served at length to restore her to animation; she raised her head and looked fearfully towards the spot where she had beheld the terrific object. It was still there, but she felt a momentary shame at her weakness, when she discovered that it was only the portrait of a young and beautiful woman, the white flowing drapery of which seen indistinctly had occasioned her such groundless alarm. Reassured by this discovery, she proceeded to examine the picture; it represented a female of graceful form, with her arms upraised as if imploring a blessing on a lovely babe who lay sleeping on a couch beside her. A secret impulse whispered to the heart of Emma, that it was her mother, and she contemplated it till the tears streamed down her cheeks. At that moment the door opened, and an old woman of no very prepossessing aspect entered, "Gad's mercy," she muttered on seeing Emma, "I thought you would be still asleep young lady—well I suppose you will not be sorry to have your breakfast."—"I have not much appetite," returned Emma, "but pray tell me, who brought me here."—"My master to be sure," replied the old woman surlily. "But who is your master? are my parents in the house?" The old woman shrugged up her shoulders—"Ah you are beginning I see; well I must go, or you will keep me here long enough

asking such questions."—"But stay," cried Emma grasping her arm, "tell me, I conjure you what am I to expect? why have I been detained here all night?" "Mercy on me," repeated the old woman, "you had better be quiet, or I will call one that will make you so." Emma shrunk from her in terror, a sudden thought struck her that she was brought to that solitary place for a dreadful and inhuman purpose, and dropping on her knees she implored the protection of heaven. The aged attendant appeared to regard her with a mingled sentiment of suspicion and admiration. "Well, well!" she muttered "you are an innocent looking young creature, and it is a thousand pities to be sure.—Compose yourself my dear I will be with you again soon." And with these words she quitted the room, carefully securing the door after her.

(To be continued.)

THE JOURNEY.

"I BELIEVE we are now all full," said the coachman, as I stepped into the coach, "Yes," was the answer of five of us; he shut the door, mounted the box, and drove off.

What a field for a man's speculation to rove in, if he should chance to be a disciple of Lavater's, is a stage-coach; here he is shut up, with his nose close to three or four faces, which perhaps he has never seen before, and probably never may again; with leisure to peruse and reperuse every feature, and fix in his own mind, as irrevocably as a law of the Medes and Persians, the temper, character, and pursuits of his neighbours, from the contour of their phizzes.

After the bow at entrance 'tis usual to look around, and see with what sort of beings you are pent up for a time. Every one of my companions hit my fancy. Opposite to me were seated two ladies and a gentleman, and beside me a young naval officer. I will describe the party. One of

the ladies (with proper politeness to commence with them) was a Quaker, whose countenance and demeanor (though concealed beneath the garb of primitive simplicity) said she might take every son and daughter of Adam by the hand with the appellation of "friend," without the shadow of falsehood or hypocrisy.

I am a perfect Brahmen in that part of his faith which so beautifully says, "Heaven is a palace with many doors, into which a man may enter his own way." Therefore was much pleased at having the pretty, young Quaker for a travelling companion; as with her, the pinched cap, large bonnet, and plain gown and handkerchief, appeared not the cloak of formality or bigotry, but the coverings of modesty, and the adornments of neatness. Her next neighbour of the female sex, was—Stay fancy stay !—let thy steps here be slow, cautious, and tender—let no playful smile, no burst of mirth spring from thy lips as thou paintest her.—'Twas a countenance on which was fixed the solemn seal of woe—and yet 'twas lovely even in sorrow. Poor Louisa ! thy fate was pitiable.—I have since obtained her sad history. Mind thee not how reader; only rest assured, that it was not torn from her by the rude unfeeling hand of curiosity. The very recollection of the tale has banished the flaunting spirit of mirth from my pen, and clogged it with the tear of sadness.—Reader, the coach must travel on, the rest of its passengers undescribed, whilst thou listenest (with pity I trust) to the events which exiled peace, health and joy, from the heart of this hapless girl.

Reared on the downy bosom of parental affection, Louisa was gay and happy as the sun-beaming morning of life, and lovely as health and innocence. Hast thou ever seen the creeping woodbine twine with apparent affection around the youthful oak? its verdure ornaments it, and it seems to cling to the monarch of the wood with the embraces of love, while it misshapes his goodly form, and spoils his growth. Such were the arts of the seducer; honor and love flowed in glowing and honied accents from his

tongue, while his diabolical sentiments, beneath their beauteous guise, like canker worms ate to the heart of his victim. The victim fell! Louisa was lured from the abode of peace and paternal protection, to tread the thorny, though rose covered paths of pleasure. Her father (her only surviving parent) wounded to the soul by the loss of his darling followed them—he met the villain with all the feeling of an injured parent and man of honor, he challenged the wretch who had undermined his earthly temple of happiness, and, (Oh guardian genius of virtue where wast thou then!) the father fell!—The seducer fled his native land and implored Louisa to accompany him; but in her breast virtue had only been lulled to sleep at its post, and the death of her father awoke it, together with an agonizing sense of guilt and wretchedness—she refused with horror. Fate however would not permit Louisa immediately to sink under this distress, she was upheld by the hand of philanthrophic friendship. An elderly gentleman, a friend of her father every moment of whose life was dedicated to the welfare of his fellows, soothed her distracted mind to calmness, and wished to lead her back to the tranquil haven of peace. Under the protection of this venerable friend, she was when I me ther in the stage coach, far from scenes of former happiness, in hopes that change of scene and company might offer to her lips the Lethean cup—but 'twould not be—the thorn of grief festered in her heart—her fame was gone for ever, and memory with bitter malice ever brought to her terrified mind the idea that she had caused the death of the fondest and best of fathers. Nature could not long support this, and the once gay, happy, beauteous, and beloved Louisa sank to an early grave. Hapless girl! may thy tears of penitence have washed thy faults from that page whereon thy deeds are registered.

But to return once more to my travelling companions. Poor Louisa, whose sad countenance interested me and fixed my attention the moment I saw her, sat by, and seemed to be under the protection of an elderly gentlemen. I liked

his appearance, but there was something about him which rendered him unfathomable at first sight, therefore I left him to unfold, to take a view of the son of Neptune who sat next me. He did not require much study, he appeared a British sailor with his characteristics, and they are too well known to need description.

In a stage coach you must take your own fancy and discernment for masters of the ceremonies, and as they introduce you to your company so you comport yourself towards them—if these wise personages should however deceive you, and you misbehave accordingly—why, *n'emporte*—you have nobody else to trust to, and whatever scrape you get into, you must get of it as well as you can. It is true you might, to make sure work of it, follow the example of the great "Spectator," and sit silently observing your fellow travellers till their characters became familiar to you; but then this would be unsociable, and did every one follow this plan, how *pleasant* it would be to journey a hundred miles in a stage coach. Therefore I would advise you to begin on some subject or other; no matter how trivial. An Englishman, 'tis said is never at a loss, *the weather* always serves him, and however he may be ridiculed on that account, he has (in our variable clime) novelty to urge in his defence, and is not that the main spring of all conversation? A Frenchman will chat with you the moment you meet him, which is sociable, therefore fit to be copied by us on this side the water. The last new fashion, the last new opera, the last new singer, dancer, &c. &c. &c. &c. furnish him with matter, but still is novelty the source of all; and there is as much of this in a change of the weather as the change of fashion, 'tis but a renewal of what has been before. Nay madam, if you don't agree with me, ask Mr. Honeycomb, and he was a *man of fashion*.

In an English way then I began by, "How very cold it is, I am afraid it will snow." It was agreed to nem.con. The past, present, and future states of the weather were

canvassed, together with roads &c. The sluices of social chat were opened, and it flowed on in a pleasant, meandering course, unterrupted save by the stoppage of the coach. The mind of the old gentleman was stored with entertaining and instructive matter; his sad charge spoke little, but sighed frequently; the little quaker prattled with the utmost good-humour; and my neighbour, the young naval officer, seemed so happy, that his heart overflowed at his tongue in a number of ludicrous tales and anecdotes. Ever busy as a gleaner, I gathered, as he rambled from one subject to another, some account of himself. He had been in the navy from the age of fourteen, and liked his profession with enthusiasm. In the village where he was born lived a maid, who, he said, "was handsome as a new seventy-four; and to whom his affections pointed true as the needle." His love for this maid had "grown with his growth," but the cruel mandate of her avaricious father prevented their union. He had seen some sharp service, and had received some prize money, but all would not do, her father still continued inflexible. But at his last landing he received a letter, teeming with affection, from his Betsy, informing him of the death of the rigid parent, and offering to share with him her patrimony. "He was now," he said, "making all sail to gain a prize more valuable than a Spanish plate ship; wafted by the gales of hope and joy, and steered by the needle of love."

The snow, which we had long expected, towards night began to descend very fast, and Diana wore so thick a veil, that not one beam of her silver beauties could pierce it.

We stopped at C—— to change horses, and all alighted to take some refreshment. We entered a room where a cheerful fire threw around its exhilarating warmth—the window shutters were closed, and comfort seemed to hail our arrival. "Faith," said I, "'tis a pity to be compelled to leave this snug fire side, for the cold dreariness of a journey in a coach such a night as this." "I think so too," said the Quaker, "but I suppose the coach must proceed." Scarcely had she spoken, when the coachman entered, de-

claring that the snow had so completely covered the road and the night was so dark he could go no further without imminent risk, till morning. The pretty quaker and I smiled, and said we were glad to hear it; so said the elderly gentleman—poor Louisa said nothing, but I thought she drew her chair nearer the fire with an air of comfort, and the idea, that our remaining where we were, afforded ease to one who appeared oppressed by grief and sickness, gave me greater pleasure than the selfish gratification I derived from it. But the young sailor did not seem to like it. "I wish coachee you could contrive to get on," said he, "what's a little snow and cold? you must be a devilish bad pilot not to know a way you travel so often *blindfold*." I have known ere now, what it is to look forward with eager impatience to the moment wherein I should meet *her* in whom my every wish is centered, and have accused old time with travelling more tardily than usual, while he bore me to the completion of my desires; therefore could fathom the cause of, and find an excuse for this dissenting speech. I touched him on the shoulder, and pointed to Louisa and the quaker, who were warming themselves in apparent content by the fire:—'twas enough—I knew it would be—for he had told me he was in love, and in a heart where that kindly flame glows, 'tis impossible for so cold an icicle as selfishness to remain a moment unthawed. "True! true!" said he, as with a sigh he sat down, "I rejoice on the ladies' account, though sorry for my own part; but I hope coachee you'll fetch up lost time with a wet sail to-morrow."

Refreshments were called for—the table was spread—the fire seemed to warm our spirits into sociability, and even Louisa borrowed now and then a moment from her sad reflections to listen to the improving remarks of her protecting friend or our mirthful chat.

(To be continued.)

From OMRAH, the Dervise, to the sorrowful ABDALLAH the friend of his bosom.

THE first rays of the morning sun had flashed upon the glittering surface of the ocean, and tinged with crimson splendour the surrounding atmosphere of the East—the herb was impearled with the vivid gems of the nocturnal dew—the varied melody of the birds resounded from every spray, and the air was loaded with the rich perfumes of the neighbouring orange grove, when I prostrated myself before the East, and poured out to the Most High the effusions of a heart overflowing with thankfulness and joy. Scarcely had I arisen from this posture of adorative humility, when I beheld, borne, on the wings of impatience and anxiety, a slave of thy household fast approaching towards me. "Haste oh venerable Omrah!" said he, "lest Abdallah, the child of thine adoption, the pupil and example of thy wisdom, fall a victim to the ravings of despair! lo the worm of disease has preyed upon the cheek of Zelid his beloved, and the last sobbings of her expiring breath have been received by the Angel of dissolution!"

Struck with the mournful tidings of thine affliction, joy now no longer fluttered in my bosom, but grief took possession of the heart of Omrah! Alas! I exclaimed,—how fleeting and perishable is the felicity of the children of the dust—to day we rove amid the enchanting bowers of hope, to morrow languish in the gloomy dungeons of despair! Yet will I impart the consolations of friendship, and pour the oil of comfort into the wounds of the sorrowful Abdallah. Fain would I seek him in the palace of his fathers; but the way is far distant, and the chilling frost of age has nipped the blossoms of my strength; nor am I now as when, vigorous and fresh in the morning of my days, I made the wild beasts of the desert tremble at the lightning of my spear.

Often, oh Abdallah—often, my son! hast thou listened

with delight to the instructions of Omrah; and heard the wise lessons of experience with reverence and attention: let not, therefore, his voice have been heard in vain—nor despise the wholesome admonitions of the preceptor of thy youth—lest the words of his mouth, like the leaves of the autumnal tree, fall heedless and barren to the ground.

Think not, oh my son! that Omrah would chide the sensibilities of thy soul, or that himself is unmoved at the greatness of thine affliction. The charms and the virtues of Zelid deserve to be embalmed with the tears of Abdallah! the lustre of her melting eye resembled the mild azure of the spotless heavens—modesty and truth sat throned upon her brow, and meekness and love were the attendants of her steps: she smiled, and the heart expanded with joy—she spoke, and the eloquence of wisdom proceeded from her lips. Her words were sweeter than the Hyblean honey, and the tongue of age grew dumb at the music of her voice. The gracefulness of beauty gave lustre and elegance to her form, and drew upon her the eyes of admiration and love! Was she not more beautiful than the cedars of Lebanon? Was she not fairer than the daughters of men? And shall not the heart of Abdallah be sorrowful for its loss? But let not the tumults of thy grief overpower the suggestions of thy reason, nor the wild murmurs of despair draw down upon thee the wrath of all-righteous Alla! Shouldst thou not be grateful for the felicity that has been hitherto thy portion; and shall not Heaven, in the sufficiency of its wisdom, resume the blessings which its bounty hath lent? Couldst thou pierce the dim veil of futurity, and penetrate the secret counsels of omniscience, that, which at present overwhelms thee with affliction, might demand from thee the tribute of thankfulness and joy!

Commune with thyself, oh my son! and say, did not the exultation of thine heart, in the days of thy prosperity, too often chase from thy remembrance the source from which they flowed? Receive, therefore, this divine chasten-

ing as mercifully designed to wean thee from thy attachment to a world, where trials and disappointments are the tests of our piety and resignation.

The gates of Paradise are opened to the favourites of Heaven: and Zelid thy beloved—Zelid, the wife of thy bosom, now ranges amid the bowers of the gardens of the blessed! Was she truly the delight of thy soul? Didst thou indeed love her with a pure and disinterested affection? Was her happiness dear to thee as thine own, and dearer, far dearer to thee than thy life? Then why this boundless grief that rages in thy bosom? Why these frantic gestures of despair? Dost thou mourn at the felicity of thy Zelid? Wouldst thou tear her from the mansions of joy—and bid her glorious spirit quit the bright scenes of a blissful elysium, where rapture breathes in every gale—where the fountain of happiness, pure and unmixed, eternally waters the gardens of pleasure; to become once more a child of frail mortality, and re-enter this perishable tenement of clay? Where is now that wisdom so renowned in Abdallah? Shall he, on whom the rays of knowledge have beamed with such vivid effulgence, be wanting in their application to the common practices of life? Rouse, O my son, the energies of thy soul! and know that true wisdom consists not in the mere parade of dazzling acquisitions or superficial acquirements—not in the splendid coruscations of a brilliant imagination—but in the calm and steady light of reason and of truth!

Moreover, Oh Abdallah, if the remonstrances of thy friend, have not yet found their wished-for passage to thine heart—hasten to the bosom of the sympathizing Omrah; tear thyself awhile from scenes that can only tend to swell the tumults of affliction—and joy and tranquillity shall again reside in the bosom of Abdallah!

ALPHONSO.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER;

OR A

JOURNAL OF VICISSITUDES.

PACKET IV.

Fitzosborn Park, 15th March.

TOWARDS the latter end of the month of March, Mr. Harrington and a party of his associates left town, on an excursion to the seat of one of the number in Oxfordshire, where they purposed passing a fortnight. This was the first time I had been left entirely alone; but possessing a number of resources against the encroachments of ennui, I was rather pleased than otherwise at the prospect of enjoying a temporary respite from continual company, as quiet was becoming necessary for my own comfort, and the welfare of the little stranger I expected to present to Mr. Harrington in the course of a couple of months afterwards.

Seated one evening during the absence of the party, engaged in perusing a new and interesting work of fancy, the footman announced a Mr. Meredith, who had for some time been a visitor at the house, and with whose conversation I had always been particularly gratified, though it was in general tinctured with melancholy, and frequently betrayed a mind ill at ease. He was, however, one of those persons in whose manners and appearance there is something so interesting, that we immediately consider them in the light of an old friend, ere it is possible to form a just judgment whether they really merit our esteem.

Imagining he had made one of the party into Oxfordshire, I was rather surprized and alarmed at seeing him so unexpectedly, and expressed my apprehensions so emphatically, that my visitor rallied me not a little, and in a jesting manner said he should make a favourable report to Har-

rington of the tender fears of his *wife*, laying such a strong emphasis on the word, that I involuntarily raised my eyes to his, and beheld his features marked by an expression of irony blended with compassion, that seemed to me extremely odd and highly disagreeable; but as nothing further appeared in his manner to excite wonder or occasion disapprobation, I recovered my natural cheerfulness, and conversed with my usual ease. We talked of the picturesque beauties of that part of the kingdom where I had been some years an inhabitant; the romantic wildness of Langdale and its environs, the charming situation of my father's cottage, and of the virtues of that respected parent on the recollection of whose amiable qualities I loved to dwell, and in describing which I felt inspired with more than ordinary eloquence.

"And did that father, such as you describe him to have been," said Mr. Meredith, "so good, so kind, so tenderly attached to and interested in your happiness, did he consign you to a life; I mean to say, did he permit you to accept of Mr. Harrington's protection."

"Yes," answered I, unconscious of his meaning, "it was at the earnest intreaty of my father I acceded to Harrington's proposals." Mr. Meredith looked at me with a countenance full of pity.

"You are but young, my dear madam," said he, "and, if I mistake not, a novice in the cunning ways of mankind. Ah! why with a mind, a genius, graces, and accomplishments such as you possess, does one sullying spot destroy so many excellencies. But perfection belongs not to mortality; and the feeling heart must evermore be doomed to find the noxious plants of evil mingling with the fairest blossoms of creation."

"You are quite incomprehensible this evening," answered I, smiling at his language, "your words seem intended to convey some strange import."

"Are you really unconscious of evil," replied he, "or have you acquired the facility which some persons possess,

of deceiving themselves by flimsy arguments in favour of inclination, and imposing on their own hearts to the detriment of future peace?"

"To what do you allude?" cried I, alarmed; "if you mean, Sir, that the concealment of my marriage is a fault, I plead guilty to the charge; but from your extraordinary language I am led to imagine you have reasons for blaming my conduct of which I am not sufficiently aware: explain your meaning candidly?"

"I think," replied Meredith, "you have unconsciously involved yourself in the labyrinths of error; with my whole heart I pity you, and would stand forth your champion in the midst of every difficulty by which you may be surrounded; but while you preserve your heart unvitiated you may defy the machinations of the unprincipled;" then bowing with an air of gravity, he hastily withdrew and left me unable to collect my ideas till I heard the door shut behind him, when running over in my mind what he had uttered, I became completely bewildered in conjectures, and suspicion mingling with my thoughts, tended still more to harrass me by confused and frightful apprehensions.

At night the incomprehensible language of Mr. Meredith haunted my imagination during my unsettled slumbers, and banished repose until it drew near my usual hour of breakfasting, when sleep, for a short while, stole upon my senses, and on awakening I found my spirits considerably amended.

Having breakfasted at a much later hour than was my ordinary practice, I recollected having promised Harrington to procure some new music for the harp, which he wished me to play on his return, and ordered my servant, as the morning was delightful, to attend me on foot to the shop of a celebrated music seller; where having made my purchase I was carelessly looking over some new airs the man had recommended to my notice, when a fashionable chariot stopped at the door and two genteel, well-dressed females descended from it to the shop: an elderly good humoured

looking gentleman followed them from the street, and with the freedom of an intimate acquaintance, addressed one of the ladies by the name of Mrs. Harrington, and cordially shook hands with her. They continued to talk for a short while together, and he at length took his leave, with the air of a courtier of the *vielle cour*. On his departure the lady to whom he had principally spoken, remarked to her companion how well Sir Gilbert looked since his recent indisposition and added, "what a pity it was that any circumstance respecting a person who had acted so ungratefully and unworthily towards him, had yet the power of wounding his feelings, and rendering so good and respectable a character unhappy." To this the other assented and casting her eyes on me, immediately turned to her friend and whispered something, upon which she also, in a tone of surprize, after regarding me with a look of compassion, said, "Good heavens, so I really think it is;" and in a low tone added some sentences of which I could only hear the words "poor creature;" when having completed their purchases, they departed.

The name of Harrington had struck upon my ear and prompted me to look with considerable earnestness towards the person addressed by it, as well as at the elderly gentleman, whose appellation of Sir Gilbert had likewise occasioned some surprize, and excited my curiosity so greatly that I enquired of a shopman who the parties were. The fellow was inclined to loquacity and readily informed me, the gentleman was a wealthy baronet, and the lady he conversed with the wife of a nephew, who was reported to be the heir-apparent of his title and fortune, from whom she had been some time separated, owing to the irregularities and dissipated conduct of her husband, by whom she had been so unjustly treated, that his own family had entirely thrown him off, while they continued to support her cause with tenderness and affection; and by their steady attention proved how highly she was respected by every person of worth and understanding. "She was a great heiress,"

continued the man, "and fell in love with her husband, 'tis said, when she was little more than a child; so the marriage took place while she was yet very young, and the consequences have been very unfortunate."

When I returned home I found, to my infinite disappointment, that Mr. Meredith had called, and not finding me within, had left a message, importing his being suddenly summoned into Yorkshire, but hoping to find me in perfect health on his return, which would take place in ten days or a fortnight.

Restless, uneasy, my ideas confused, and the looks and words of the lady who bore the name of Harrington incessantly crossing my recollection, I was bewildered with conjectures; and was inexpressibly anxious to have a curiosity so powerfully awakened, gratified by information on the subject of Mr. Harrington's family connections, of which I knew no more than the little he had imparted to my father. Mr. Meredith's strange language, and the meeting with those persons at the music shop, had indeed led to several conjectures, doubts, and apprehensions; and on my way home I had resolved to seek an interview with Meredith, and from him gain, if possible, a complete elucidation of all that seemed mysterious, with full information on the subject of Harrington's family connections, but his sudden departure from town precluded the possibility of receiving any satisfaction. I had not a single friend or acquaintance to whom I could apply for further information on the subject that so particularly occupied my thoughts; and I did not choose to put it in the power of any of our servants to boast of familiarity on my part, or sow dissentions betwixt Harrington and myself, by acquainting him that I questioned them upon any point respecting his affairs. Thus passed in uncertainty and uneasiness the whole of that and the succeeding night and day, when a letter from Harrington, couched in terms the most affectionate and gratifying to my feelings banished the chief part of my disquietude. My heart smote me with having ungratefully

requited his goodness and affection, by doubts of his honour; and I severely reproached myself for having for an instant permitted any circumstance to lead to a suspicion of his integrity. And could I have entirely banished the remembrance of the words uttered by the lady in the music shop, with the expressive look she gave me, I should have been as happy as usual; but as days passed on, and nothing farther occurred to afford me uneasiness, these impressions gradually sunk before the expectation of Harrington's return, which, to my satisfaction, took place in little more than the purposed fortnight of his absence, and in his presence all my doubts disappeared. His attentions seemed redoubled, his kindness more conspicuous than ever. I mentioned to him my rencontre with the ladies and elderly gentleman in the music shop, but he seemed to know nothing of any such persons, affirming that his uncle still remained buried in retirement in the south of Ireland; and he supposed I could not imagine it alluded to himself: in a word, he carried on the farce so completely that I became again one of the happiest amongst the happy. But my fancied felicity was not destined to be of long duration. Our usual visitors again made their appearance at our mansion, and in a few days after the return of the party the number of our guests was augmented by two ladies, one of whom Mr. Harrington introduced to my acquaintance as his most particular friend and kinswoman; the other a young lady to whom she was related by marriage, and then under her protection, while her mother, who had espoused a second husband, had accompanied him abroad in the pursuit of his military duty.

Ever ready to contribute, as far as lay in my power, to the satisfaction of the being I considered most deserving of my gratitude and attention, I assured Harrington I would omit no opportunity of rendering his friend's stay in London as agreeable as possible.

You will not wonder at my experiencing a feeling of dislike towards my new acquaintance when I tell you the

elder of the ladies was almost diametrically opposite in manners and appearance to all I had ever considered feminine or elegant; and the younger was a mere rustic hoyden; pretty, and apparently good humoured; but lamentably ignorant, silly, vain, and talkative, and childishly impatient to behold what she termed the *fine sights* of London.

In person, Mrs. Willoughby (so was the eldest of the ladies called) was shewy, and when viewed at a little distance with the aid of a little *art*, might have been termed rather a fine woman. But there was a masculine boldness in her looks and gait; a vulgarity and coarseness in her voice, and assured familiarity in her manner, which bespoke nothing of the *gentlewoman*, and from which I turned with indescribable feelings of disgust. Her dress though tolerably fashionable and costly, was by no means either well chosen or elegant; and in a word, she appeared the reverse of all I had ever heard Harrington admire in a female, and as I took another and another survey of her person I was the more astonished at his seeming regard for such an odious mass of vulgarity and *grossierté*.

The evening of their first introduction passed heavily, and I felt relieved when the ladies retired to their apartments, within a few doors of our abode.

When left to ourselves, Harrington enquired my opinion of my new acquaintance, and with my usual frankness I acknowledged, that neither of them seemed likely to interest me greatly, nor answered the idea I had formed of his taste in the selection of female friends. But to my surprise he pettishly replied, it was of slight importance whether they were favourites or otherwise of mine, as Mrs. Willoughby was his particular friend, and Miss Morton her protegé, an amiable girl, though she had yet seen little of life, and consequently required a greater polish to her manners. "As *my friends*, Albinia," added he, "I expect you will treat them both with kindness, and hospitality."

To dispute his wishes or seek to controvert his opinions being no part of my system, I assured him that I should

do my best endeavours to render his house agreeable to every friend he was inclined to invite thither; and added, I should strive to overcome the slight prejudice I had conceived for the manners of Mrs. Willoughby, who might unquestionably be a very worthy woman, notwithstanding what appeared in my eyes, her unfeminine exterior.

Another fortnight passed away, and the ladies were our daily visitors. Mr. Meredith returned to town, and hastened to join our circle. But language my dear Mrs. M—— cannot do justice to the expression of contempt and indignation, which flashed upon his countenance on perceiving Mrs. Willoughby seated beside me on a sopha. For some moments he appeared as if thunderstruck, and unable to pay me the usual compliments of meeting; while Mrs. Willoughby, in evident embarrassment, attempted to appear quite at ease, and accosting him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, declared herself rejoiced to see him, and with an aukward attempt at politeness, enquired after several of his connections in a hurried manner, and repeated her extreme satisfaction in the opportunity thus afforded her of renewing their acquaintance. Passing her with a cold, supercilious bow, and a mere "how do you do ma'am," Mr. Meredith took his station by my side, and addressed himself wholly to me; talked of his excursion to the north; the common news of the day, and a number of ordinary topics. Of Miss Morton I perceived Meredith took no further notice, than occasionally to turn his eyes towards her when she uttered some of her silly speeches, or displayed her hoydenish manners. To me he was particularly marked in his attentions, and intimated a wish to converse with me apart from our associates; but neither on that, nor the succeeding day, did an opportunity present itself for the fulfilment of his wishes; nor was it till several more had passed over, during which he had appeared at each succeeding interview more anxious to impart some circumstance of moment, that an occasion occurred, when joining me as I stood alone in a window, a short while be-

fore dinner, while Harrington, his female friends, and others of the party, were engaged in some childish badinage around the fire, he softly said, "do not deny me an opportunity of conversing with you in private; and rest assured, my motives for making such a request, are the purest friendship and an earnest desire to rescue you from a situation fraught with the most dangerous consequences to your future welfare."

Agitated, and alarmed, my looks I imagined betrayed the apprehensions which assailed me. I gave a promise to pay due attention to his request; at the same time assuring him, I had an invincible aversion to every thing that bore the appearance of mystery, and in particular disliked to encourage a system of secresy from which it seemed Mr. Harrington must be excluded. Mr. Meredith smiled, and said, he gave me full credit for my discretion, but on that occasion it was absolutely necessary to deviate from my ordinary practice, as my own future peace rested on my being made acquainted with some circumstances I was then ignorant of.

Dinner being just then announced, we proceeded to the eating room, where as usual a luxurious banquet was provided, of which Mrs. Willoughby partook largely, diluting the rich viands with a plentiful quantity of the exhilarating juice of the grape. For a short while after we were seated I experienced an uneasy sensation at my heart, and felt unusually embarrassed; but performed the honors of the festive board, without (I imagine) my confusion being observable to any but the person who had recently given rise to it. In the evening a party to Vauxhall was proposed, and Miss Morton was in extacies at the idea of visiting that celebrated place of entertainment; but the weather appearing unfavourable, it was postponed to the following evening, when it was agreed we should meet at a certain hour in the gardens, and secure the attendance of our other usual associates.

In the morning Meredith called on me, but as usual I

was annoyed by the presence of Mrs. Willoughby and Miss Morton; and though he loitered long in the hope of outstaying them, he was compelled to depart without obtaining a single word in private. He, however, gave me privately a billet, which, the instant I was at liberty, I eagerly perused.

"The party this evening is a fortunate event, as it will readily admit of my having an opportunity of speaking with you without interruption. Do not then avoid the first occasion that occurs, your peace, perhaps even your eternal salvation, may rest on the events of a few more days; and if your are not prepared to meet the threatened danger, you will not have it in your power to avoid its consequences. Be not however alarmed; I trust you do not harbour any doubts of my honour and integrity. If you do, believe me you do the greatest injustice to

Your sincere friend,
MEREDITH."

I read this over and over with encreasing wonder, yet with that indefinable feeling of curiosity we frequently experience, to penetrate into whatever seems mysterious in our fate; and I wished for, yet dreaded, the moment when my doubts and conjectures would be solved, and my fears perhaps outdone by the dreadful certainty. Aware however of the necessity of preserving the exterior of composure, I dressed myself for the evening, and took my place at table with an appearance of calmness, very foreign to my heart.

On that evening I must not omit to tell you, Mrs. Willoughby, whose taste in dress was truly vulgar, was most gaudily arrayed in the very extreme of fashion; and at the same time displayed so much that decency required to be at least partially hid from observation, that her appearance was in truth most disgustingly indelicate and unlovely. Her companion, whose youth and personal advantages

rendered her a more pleasing object to the eye, was dressed, if her transparent robe could well be termed a covering, in tawdry frippery, and as well as her protectress exhibited an appearance such as I by no means approved of my associates wearing, had it been in my power to have made election of my own companions to a place of public entertainment.

At length the hour of departure being arrived, the carriage engaged for the evening was announced, and we set off to meet the remainder of the party in that region of gaiety and amusement, so often crouded with the grave, the gay, the idle, and profligate inhabitants of our extensive metropolis. But I shall not enter at present on a detail of the events of the evening; deferring till the succeeding portion of my journal, a relation of my conversation with Mr. Meredith, and of those incidents, which I have never recalled to mind at any subsequent period, without experiencing sensations of horror, and of which the recollection cannot be erased from memory. Adieu my ever respected friend, you have the best wishes of

Your truly affectionate

ALBINIA FITZOSBORN.

ON MAN'S DISPOSITION TO SOCIABLENESS.

MAN is undoubtedly destined by nature to live in a state of society with his fellows: the affections of his heart are not, like the short woven days of his miserable existence, limited and circumscribed; they bloom in every season of life and glow beneath the sky of every clime: they are the links of that great and sympathetic chain, which embraces and unites all the human race, and by which the sweet sound of humanity's voice vibrates from pole to pole, and causes a man never and no where to be a stranger to man. It is not only through the affections of the human soul, which always impelled outwards will rake

and torture the selfish breast which confines them within its narrow limits, that we can trace the original destination of man to a social state: nature has imprinted her design on his erected, pliant, and graceful form; she has manifested it in his expressive eye, winning smile, and pathetic tears; she has spoken it in the sound of his voice, peculiarly endued with the admirable and wonderful power of expressing every thought, articulating every wish, and modulating every passion. The corporeal structure of man is so well calculated to invite and promote social and friendly intercourse; it is so well adapted to a state of existence, in which so great a share of domestic happiness is derived from mutual help; it affords such powerful means of manifesting outwardly the deepest and nicest impressions of the soul, that he who is thus framed must evidently be destined by nature to live in a state of society with beings like himself, whom he might inspire, and by whom he might be inspired with friendship, love, and gratitude; in fine with the honourable feelings of every social virtue.

Man's disposition to sociableness is not then a new modification added to the soul by fortuitous circumstances; nor the result of a mere social habit: but a law which binds and speaks to every man's heart, from the rich citizen of the polished city, to the poor wandering savage of the desert: an impression which the divine artificer of mankind has left on the noblest of his works, and which nothing can obliterate; a feeling which reproduces itself and associates itself with the sweetest and best affections of the human heart.

To that generous disposition which, in uniting men together, increases their labour, kindles their emulation, and necessitates their industry; we are indebted for the acquisition of every knowledge, for the improvement of every art, for all that can either enlighten and embellish the human mind, or supply the pleasures and conveniencies of human existence. Hence divine agriculture which clothes the barren fields with a golden harvest, and the naked rock

with verdant vegetation, and thus renovates the face, and multiplies the gifts of a benevolent nature: hence architecture, which shelters our weak frame in sumptuous buildings, in stately palaces, and which, towering with an undisturbed, an unimpaired majesty in the midst of battering elements and desolating ages, gloriously avenges the frail destiny of man, who, at the very foot of the stupenduous works erected by his hand, moulders even at the whispering breeze: hence great and noble commerce, which boldly unfurls his majestic sails on remote seas, opens to nations unknown inexhaustible sources of riches, grandeur, and power, whilst its potent arm, in rendering all the creation subservient to the will, or tributary to the wants of man, seems, as it were, to re-inthrone him in his former glory, and to replace in his hands the sceptre of the universe.

The imperfections attached to social state, however great, are yet but fleeting shades that can neither darken its lustre nor outbalance its good; they are appendages peculiar to human nature, whatever be the form it assumes in its fallen state. The wild and untutored savage shares the vices of the civilized man, but knows not those gentle restraints and softening modifications which, under the benign influence of social order, make the passions flow with a smoother course, and the heart expand with a greater luxuriance of tender feeling. By cultivating and extending a social intercourse with his fellow-creatures, man completes the end of his being, and rises to that pre-eminence and perfection, the first and great outlines of which are evidently delineated in the vast capacity of his mind, and the noble susceptibility of his heart.

It is then the voice of nature, strengthened by the sacred ties of blood and the endearing sympathy arising from equal wants and dependence, that led the first inhabitants of the earth under the humble roofs of scattered cottages; and now that they have increased and multiplied, re-unites them within the more spacious precincts of vast and splen-

did cities. Let not then the fair inhabitants of the country look with frowning disgust on the dark and noisy atmosphere that surrounds those widely spread dwellings of the children of mankind! Let not their feet, though yet sprinkled with the dews of verdant groves and fairy dales, tread with scorn on those ever exuberant and teeming fields of human life! No; a great, rich, and populous town is the true empire of social man; the sphere in which he moves with a dignity suitable to his rank and power among created beings; the elevated theatre from which he beams forth new rays of grandeur and beauty on all the creation around. There every wonder is of his own making; there the bold and noble conceptions of his mind present themselves every where, emblazoned in the immortal works of his hands. In walking up and down those streets, at whose right and left are displayed the monuments of human industry, the trophies of human skill, a man feels something like a hero who surveys a kingdom conquered by his valour; and in thus witnessing the glorious triumph of the united efforts of all his species he proudly and sympathetically forgets his own individual insignificance.

Among beings who, like men, have been gifted with all the faculties and feelings that can best extend and strengthen the influence of a disposition to sociableness, there ought surely to be a friendly, a family-like intercourse; a brotherly love ought surely to flow in hearts warmed with kindred blood. And yet this world presents but a continual scene of hatred, animosity, and strife; of domestic contention and public war. What evil spirit thus defeats the benevolent and noble views of nature; what cruel hand thus cuts the sweet ties by which religion wishes to unite and endear all her children? It is thee, dreaded foe to every social affection, hateful Pride! From thee spring sordid avarice and mean jealousy; black ingratitude, which hides the heart of a monster beneath the features of a man; degrading impiety, which opens the heart to every vice, the mouth to every blasphemy, and

fits the hand for the perpetration of every crime; thou rearest, thou nursest revenge, which, in sullen gloom, broods on murder and ruin; relentless passion, which impells the hand of the unforgiving duellist, when perverting every idea of honour, degrading every feeling of courage, trampling under foot every moral and social obligation, barbarian like, he thrusts a dagger into his fellow-creature's breast, and with a monster's rage gluts himself with human blood. Oh, pride! thou first opened on earth the source of every evil, thou still fosterest and extendest its baneful influence; and yet thou art the indelible feature which points out our noble origin, loudly intimates our immortal destiny; thou art

"The glorious instinct of a deathless soul,
Confus'dly conscious of her dignity."

N. FRAISINET.

THE LITERARY SPY.

Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, by R. H. Cromek, pp. 370, price 12s.

SINCE the appearance of Burns, Scottish poetry has been held in high estimtation. The success of the Ayrshire bard attracted the attention of the public to the songs of his predecessors: but few of their productions had ever been printed, and the number that obtained notice was very small. Mr. Cromek, however, in collecting the "The Reliques of Burns" became possessed of many songs and ballads; and, if to rescue from oblivion many excellent specimens be worthy of praise, he is entitled to claim it.

Burns, by his own confessions, took the ideas of many of his most pleasing pieces from the neglected works of his countrymen:—many of these are now laid before the public, and it is not too much to say that Burns would have been proud to own them. They are all strongly marked by the

simple, concise, yet strong imagination, which is the distinguishing feature of Scottish poetry; and, though defective in measure and rhyme, are infinitely superior to the general *rum-ti-id'ies* of the present day.—The exquisite touches, which appear throughout both the amatory and humorous songs, amply compensate for their other defects. They cannot be better described than in Mr. Cromek's words.

"These songs (the amatory ones) contain fine pictures of rustic wooing, faithfully drawn from real life. They are a little touched with the romantic spirit of chivalry, but this gives them a higher and more dignified aspect.

"The *Persons* who present themselves are none of the fabled Arcadians:—shepherds and shepherdesses who do nothing but pipe to their sheep, or plait garlands for their hair. Nor have these pastorals an exuberance of roses and lilies, like our courtly English ones, whose swains and nymphs resemble lords and ladies parading among their vassals at the rental time, who never smear sheep or blister their gloved hands with shepherds' crooks. Nor are there any of the apparatus of classical deification: cloven-footed Pans, satyrs, sylphs, and dryads, with all the light infantry of fairy freaks, or Bedlam personification. The broad but exquisite Doric of these reliques is not obscured by the antique foppery of heathen mythology: they have nothing of foreign growth:—all is Scottish—language and ideas. The lads and lasses are pure flesh and blood; homely, every-day folks. Their kissings and claspings are with earthly lips and mortal arms. The eloquence of their love is strongly impressed with Scottish feelings, and beautifully embroidered with the Scottish language, as it is spoken in *Nithsdale* and *part* of *Galloway*.

"Some acquaintance with the manners and customs of the peasantry is absolutely necessary to have a relish for all the beauties of these pastorals; yet there is a portion of them that will be understood and admired by every person:—

that part which belongs to the general outline of character which runs through all mankind."

* * * *

"Not many of these songs appear to be very old; some of them perhaps not above forty or fifty years. It may be deemed proper to explain in what way they have passed upon the breath of tradition. It is to the country-meetings of men and women, young men and maidens, that we owe their preservation, and often their rise. The first kind of meeting that shall be noticed is the *Song Trystes*. These were agreements of probably twenty or thirty lads and lasses to meet at an appointed house, (either a farmer's or a respectable cottar's,) for song-singing and merriment. There were also wool-combing and spinning *Trystes*, which, though for the express purpose of friendly assistance, always ended and were mixed with singing songs and reciting ballads. These trysted themselves through part of a parish, until all the wool was carded and spun. Then were *dancing Trysts*, which were twin sisters to those of song: the lads would carry wine and whiskey with sweetmeats to refresh their partners in the intervals of dancing. They then selected some of the most melting songs; such as were touched keenly with the finger of love:—these were sung by the young women; and their partners joined in the tenderest parts, which suited their own situations and feelings."

* * * *

"Eager to outshine his fellow peasants each selected the finest song for pathos and humour, which was either printed or recited. They laid hold of their own emotions of heart and dressed them up in rhyme. Their own adventures, or particular state of feeling and affection, furnished ample scope for poetic display. The taste of their sweethearts was the critical tribunal to which they appealed, where love and nature were judges, and affixed their seal of approbation. They knew no higher court of appeal, nor dreaded

Suits of

London Dresses for March.

Published March 1 1811. by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry.

passing below the saws and harrows-of-iron of classic criticism.

"To these meetings we may assign the many variations and additions which are found in the old songs, and of which, in the present collection, there are a few pointed out, and specimens preserved."

* * * *

"Burns thus speaks of these meetings and their purposes:—

'On Fasten een we had a rockin *
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun an' jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At *sang about*.'

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK."

The principal fault of this collection, though it very seldom occurs, is well explained in a note. "The muse of Galloway is a gude, sonsie, sweet, and kindlie quean; and though she may gang a wee thing 'high kilted' at times she's gawcie and modest for a' that, and winna disgrace southern gudeness. 'Kilt up to the tying o' yere garters,'

* "'There is another custom here, commonly known in the language of the country by the name of *rocking*; that is, when neighbours visit one another in pairs, or three or more in company, during the moonlight of winter or spring, and spend the evening alternately in one another's houses. It is here noticed, because the custom seems to have arisen when spinning on the *rock* or *distaff* was in use, which therefore was carried along with the visitant to her neighbour's house. The custom still prevails, though the rock is laid aside; and when one neighbour says to another, in the words of former days, "I am coming over with my rock," he means no more than to tell him that he intends to spend an evening with him.' *See the account of the Parish of Muirkirk, Statist. Acc. VIII.* 612, 613."

quo' the auld wife. Once prudery herself could not object to this: but these high kilted days are past, and the gude auld unthinking customs of our ancestors appear indelicate. Should the muse's kilted coats be too high for your second-sighted een, I beseech you let down a trowse or twa o' them yoursel' and dinna let the nakedness of our lasses' legs offend the more delicate een." Should high kilting, however, banish this volume from the general reader, Burns must go to, and very few of our poets will remain. "Banish plump Jack and banish all the world!"

Mr. Cromek's remarks, notes, and appendix, are considerable and highly interesting. Of the songs we have given a few specimens, they adorn our *Wreath*.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANTLY COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A full dress of white satin, sloped up in front with a small train ornamented round the bottom with rose coloured velvet in a scroll pattern, vandyked at the edges, and dotted with black chenille: the bosom, girdle, and sleeves of this dress are ornamented to correspond in the form exhibited in the plate; a turban cap of white satin, looped with pearls, and edged with velvet; the hair curled full over the face; necklace, earrings, and bracelets, of pearls; white kid gloves and shoes; fan of white crape and silver.

Fig. 2.—A pelisse of green merino cloth, buttoned down the front and up the arm with small gold buttons, the collar and cuffs of white or green velvet; an ermine tippet; a bonnet of green cloth, turned up with velvet, and formed to come over the face; the veil passed through the front and brought round the neck; buff boots and gloves.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE LORD'S MARIE.

This old song is founded on a traditional story of a daughter of the Lord Maxwell, of Nithsdale, accompanying in disguise a peasant to a rustic dancing tryste. 'The Lord's daughter sae gay' was discovered through the disguise of her rustic habiliments. Tradition places the song at the Revolution, 1688. The language is more modern, but the ideas belong to that period.

There is a tradition extant, that Lord Cassilis' lady, who eloped with Johnnie Faa, the gypsie laddie, had so delicate and pure a skin, that the red wine could be seen through it while she was drinking.

THE Lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks
Up wi' a gowden kame,
An' she has put on her net-silk hose,
An' awa to the tryste * has gane.
O saft, saft fell the dew on her locks,
An' saft, saft on her brow;
Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberrie lip,
An' I kiss'd it aff I trow!

'O whare gat ye that leal maiden,
Sae jimpy laced an' sma'?
O whare gat ye that young damsel,
Wha dings our lasses a'?

* *Tryste*, a place of meeting.

'O whare gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,
Wi' Heaven in her ee?
O here's ae drap o' the damask wine;—
Sweet maiden, will ye pree?*

Fu' white, white was her bonny neck,
Twist wi' the satin twine,
But ruddie, ruddie grew her hawse,†
While she supp'd the bluid-red wine.
'Come, here's thy health, young stranger doo,‡
Wha wears the gowden kame;—
This night will mony drink thy health,
An ken na wha to name.

Play me up 'Sweet Marie,' I cry'd,
An' loud the piper blew,—
But the fiddler play'd ay *Struntum strum*,
An' down his bow he threw.
'Here's thy kin' health i'the ruddie red wine,
Fair dame o' the stranger land!
For never a pair o' een before
Could mar my gude bow-hand.

Her lips were a cloven hinney-cherrie,
Sae tempting to the sight;
Her locks owre alabaster brows,
Fell like the morning light.
An' O! her hinney breath lift her locks,
As through the dance she flew,
While luve laugh'd in her bonnie blue ee,
An' dwalt in her comely mou'.

'Loose hings yere broider'd gowd garter,
Fair ladie, dare I speak?'
She, trembling, lift her silky hand
To her red, red flushing cheek.

* *To pree*, to taste. † *Hawse*, the throat. ‡ *Doo*, dove.

'Ye've drapp'd, ye've drapp'd yere broach o'gowd,
Thou Lord's daughter sae gay,'
The tears o'erbrimm'd her bonnie blue ee,
'O come, O come away!'—

'O maid, unbar the siller belt, *
To my chamber let me win,
An' tak this kiss, thou peasant youth,
I daur na let ye in.
An' tak,' quo she, 'this kame o' gowd,
Wi' my lock o' yellow hair,
For meikle my heart forbodes to me,
I never mann meet ye mair!'

BONNIE LADIE ANN.

From the Recitation of Miss Catherine Macartney, of Hacket Leaths, Galloway.

A fairer specimen of romantic Scottish love than is contained in this song, is rarely to be met with. It was first introduced to Nithsdale and Galloway about thirty years ago, by a lady whose mind was deranged. She wandered from place to place, followed by some tamed sheep. The old people describe her as an amiable and mild creature. She would lie all night under the shade of some particular tree, with her sheep around her. They were as the ewe-lamb in the scripture parable;—they lay in her bosom, ate of her bread, drank of her cup, and were unto her as daughters. Thus she wandered through part of England, and the low part of Scotland; esteemed, respected, pitied, and wept for by all!

THERE'S kames o' hinney 'tween my luve's lips,
An' gowd amang her hair,
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,
Nae mortal een keek † there.
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
Or what arm o' luve dare span
The hinney lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann!

* *Belt*, bolt. † *To keek*, to peep, to take a stolen glance.

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor simple lip,
Maun touch her Ladie mou.
But a broider'd belt wi' a buckle o' gowd,
Her jimpy * waist maun span,
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Ladie Ann!

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' silver thread,
An' comely sits she in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky han',
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,
My bonnie Lady Ann!

The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gowd,
Like my luve's broider'd cap,
An' on the mantle which my love wears
Are monie a gowden drap.
Her bonnie eebree's a holie arch
Cast by no earthly han',
An' the breath o' God's atween the lips
O' my bonnie Ladie Ann!

I am her father's gardener lad,
An' poor, poor is my fa';†
My auld mither gets my wee, wee fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa:
My Ladie comes, my Ladie gaes
Wi' a fou and kindly han',
O the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my luve,
An' fa' on' Lady Ann!

* *Jimpy*, slender. † *Fa'*, lot, fate.

OLD WAY OF 'MARY'S DREAM.'

THE lovely moon had climbed the hill
Where eagles big* aboon the Dee,
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
Brought joy to every body's ee;
A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
A voice drapt saftly on her ear,
'Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

She lifted up her waukening een,
To see from whence the voice might be,
And there she saw her Sandy stand,
Pale, bending on her his hollow ee!
'O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,
I'm in death's thraws† below the sea;
Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
'Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

'The wind slept when we left the bay,
But soon it waked and raised the main,
And God he bore us down the deep,
Who strave wi' him but strave in vain!
He stretched his arm, and took me up,
Tho' laith I was to gang but‡ thee,
I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
'Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

'Take off thae bride sheets frae thy bed,
Which thou hast faulded down for me;
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
I'll meet with thee in heaven hie.'
Three times the gray cock flapt his wing,
To mark the morning lift her ee,
And thrice the passing spirit said,
'Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

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* *Build* their nests. † *Thraws*, throes. ‡ *But*, without.

THE BROKEN HEART OF ANNIE.

HERE'S a dud to hap its head,
An' a clout to rowe * the feetie o't,—
Here's twa arms can nurse it weel,
Twa een can greet wi' pity o't.
But whare's my mither a' the while?
She'll hear the wee, wee greetie o't.

O lie thee still, my sweet, wee babe,
Lift nae thy white wee hannie, O;
Thou art thy father frae the chin to the ee,
But sae fause as him thou cannie, O.
O, if thou pruive as fause as him
Thou hast nae't frae thy mammie, O.

* * * *

Its nae thy gowd, nor thy siller clear,
Nor thy laced caps sae bonnie, O—
Can gie me back that peace I tint,
Or heal the heart of Annie O!—
But speak to thy God of the vows ye broke,
For ye hae broken monie, O.

EPIGRAM.

From the Poetical Register, 1806.

WHEN the devil engag'd with Job's patience in battle,
Tooth and nail strove to worry him out of his life,
He robb'd him of children, slaves, houses, and cattle,
But mark me—he ne'er thought of taking his wife.

But Heav'n at length Job's forbearance rewards;
At length double wealth, double honour arrives;
Heaven doubles his children, slaves, houses, and herds,
But we don't hear a word of a couple of wives.

S. W. I.

* *To rowe*, to roll.

LOVE.

HAST thou not seen a dewy gem
  Impearl the op'ning rose,
While, thus refresh'd, the drooping stem
  With new-born vigour glows?

Hast thou not seen a lucid ray
  Gleam through an April show'r,
While brighter glories seem to play
  Around each smiling flow'r?

Yet not the dewy gems of morn,
  The rose that soft enshroud,
Nor lucid rays that sweetly dawn
  Behind an April cloud,—

Can with such rapture fill the heart,
  Or all its woes beguile;
Assuage each pang—remove each smart,
  As *Love's* enchanting smile.

Go where the fervid lamp of day
  Pursues his bright career,
And, arm'd with many a scorpion ray,
  Afflicts the torrid sphere;

Or where, bleak round the polar sky,
  The howling north winds blow,
And gelid mountains tow'r on high,
  Capp'd with perennial snow:

Where'er great nature teems with birth,
  Where'er your footsteps rove—
At home, abroad—in sea, on earth,
  You'll find the seraph *Love!*

The wretch forlorn, condemn'd to roam
Far from his native shore,
Whose eye, upon his much-lov'd home,
Shall beam, alas! no more,—

Though rending grief's impetuous tide
His soul awhile molest,
Soon feels each bitter pang subside,
Upon his lov'd one's breast!

Then since such joys to thee are giv'n,
Spark of etherial fire!
Oh! from thy blissful seat in heav'n
My kindling breast inspire!

Still pour thy cheering influence round
Each sojourner below,
And in each bleeding heart be found
The comforter of woe!

ALPHONSO.

SONNET.

SEE rob'd in frowns dread winter comes at last!
And where soft whisp'ring the tall groves among
Late the gay Zephyr gently sigh'd along,
Now from the dark clouds pours the Northern Blast,
And wildly sweeping o'er the verdant plain
Strips nature bare! rudely the cold storms blow
Thro' thick'ning torrents of descending snow,
And bind the stream-floods with an icy chain.—
Summer farewell! smiling I hail'd thy birth,
And fill'd with rapture at the glad'ning sight,
Joyful I mark'd thy rosy footsteps light
Bounding in sweetness o'er the flow'ry earth;
But now, sad gazing on the dying Year,
I mourn thy faded charms, with sorrow's pensive tear!

OSCAR.

SONNET.

ON silent pinions sweeping o'er the earth
Resistless time unpitying glides away,
And, circling quick, once more unfolds to birth
The fateful period of my natal day.

Fain would the muse on wings of rapture borne
Exulting triumph o'er her pensive tears,
And hail with joyful shout yon' glimm'ring morn
As the blest harbinger of happier years!

But ah! while mem'ry drags my ling'ring sight
Back to those scenes where bloom'd elysian flow'rs,
A mournful presage checks each gay delight,
Scowls on my soul, and points to future hours—

At the sad view prophetic griefs arise,
And trembling sorrows veil my drooping eyes!

December 6th, 1810. OSCAR.

ELLEN'S TOMB.

PAUSE, fair one! this is Ellen's Tomb!
Read, and lament her wayward doom,
A doom, alas! distressing;
Seduction sued with artful tongue,
And sued too well, for she was young,
Nor knew a parent's blessing.

Her beating heart confess'd its truth;
Whilst from the undeserving Youth
Flow'd accents soft and wooing;
Her simple innocence subdued;
From her then fled the wretch so rude,
Who caus'd her sad undoing.

But Death in tender mercy came
To hide the hapless Ellen's shame,

And make the grave her pillow;
The village virgins mourn her doom,
And as a tribute, near her tomb
Have set the weeping willow.

Be thine fair maid, a happier lot,
Let conscious virtue grace thy cot,
And hoard it like a treasure;
Shun each delusive, artful wile,
Then inward peace shall prompt the smile
That speaks the bosom's pleasure!

February 5, 1811 J. M. L.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. L.'s note is received: his lines were rejected for no other reason than was assigned. The Editor is one of the last to quarrel on such trivial occasions as he supposes. The answer to the latter part of his note lies at the publishers'.

W. B.'s "*Scripo*, an Example of Virtue," is received: surely W. B. cannot have paid much attention to her subject, or she had never written the name of Scipio throughout her lines as above.—Her offer of selling twenty-four *such* lines every month we must decline.

——— Tavistock is received, and under consideration.

O. P. Q. is witty, but what a subject for the ladies! We think we know him, but wish we knew him *better*.

Mrs. T. is requested to send her communications to the Publishers.

L. I. and H. R. are received.

Eliza's Lines on the King of Sweden we must decline; those to Miss E—— P—— convince us that she can write well, yet, as the subject is not interesting to the general reader, we must reject them also. Indeed, the advice given may be of such a dangerous tendency to authors, that we cannot in conscience publish them, nor can we wish them to write

"Something every day:
Critics will justly prize each stirling line,
And view each volume as a golden mine."

Laura.

Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, April 1. 1811.